Gallipolis Journal.

PUBLISHED BY JAMES HARPER.] "Truth and Justice." [AT ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE

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☞ The following humorous poem was read by the inimitable Saxe, before the Psi Upsilon Society of Darmouth College, during the recent commencement exercises of that institution:

Dear Brethren, I rise—and it won't be surprising
If you find me, like bread, all the better for rising,
I rise to express my exceeding delight
In our cordial reunion, this glorious night,
And invoke every blessing a true hearted brother
In fullness of feeling can ask for another.
And here let me pause for a moment, to say
In a negative, less than a positive way,
(Like a Parson beginning his doctrinal task,)
What blessings for each I would specially ask:
May you ne'er get in love or in debt, with a doubt,
As to whether or no you will ever get out;
May you ne'er have a mistress who plays the coquette,
Or a neighbor who blows on a cracked clarionet;
May you learn the first use of a lock on your door,
And ne'er, like Adonis, be killed by a bore;
Shun canting and canters with resolute force,
A "canter" is shocking, except in a horse;
At jovial parties mind what you are at,
Beware of your head and take care of your hat,
Lest you find that the favorite son of your mother
Has an ache in the one and a brick in the other;
May you never, I pray, to worry your life,
Have a weak-minded friend, or a strong-minded wife;
A tailor distrustful, or partner suspicious;
A dog that is rabid, or nag that is vicious;
Above all—the chief blessings the Gods can impart—
May you keep a clear head and a generous heart.
Remember 'tis blessed to give and forgive;
Live chiefly to love, and love while you live,
And dying, when life's little journey is done,
May your last, fondest sigh, be Pat Upsilon.

THE ANGEL OF THE ASSEMBLY.

I met her at the Chinese Rooms,
She wore a wreath of roses,
She walked in beauty like the night,
Her breath was like sweet posies.

I led her through the festive hall,
Her glance was soft and tender;
She whispered gently in my ear,
"Say, Mose—ain't this a bender!"

[From the Ironton Register.]

COLONEL ROBERT SAFFORD.

GALLIPOLIS—THE FRENCH—INCIDENTS.

We are always delighted to take one of 'the early settlers' by the hand; there is a heartiness in the shake that we do not often find now-a-days.

Colonel Robert Safford, of Gallia county, whose name we have placed above, was in town the other day, when we took occasion to call on him, and surely it was not an hour lost. He is a 'gentleman of the old school,' now in his 87th year, straight as a gun, hale and hearty, sound in mind and body.—All the 'old folks' know the old gentleman personally or by reputation, and will be glad to hear of his well being through this article; and certainly it delights the young to learn of the men of the early days of the great State of Ohio.

Col. Safford was of the first party that broke ground at Gallipolis, and we wished to draw from him some information of early times that might be of interest to our readers, but the old gentleman had no desire to figure in the public print, and besides he remarked that he knew nothing of importance that everybody else did not know, and as for his own personal history, it was not worth relating—'Why,' says he, 'I never killed an Indian nor got killed myself.' However, the old gentleman told us some few things with the express injunction that we should not put a *'big I'* into the account.

Col. Robert Safford was born in Hardwick, Mass., July 7, 1768, and when about three years of age was left fatherless. His mother soon after removed with him to Northfield, in the same State, and subsequently to Woodstock, Vt., where he remained until his 21st year.

'Early in 1789,' as Col. Safford remarks, 'I left for the *New World*, but I was over a year in getting there.' He lingered along with friends in the western part of Massachusetts, and some while in New York, and at last, making his way westward, fell in with a company of Gen. Rufus Putnam, as it was passing through New Jersey. Agents of the Scioto Company had by glowing representations in France, and by fraudulent maps, induced some four hundred French people to emigrate to their lands in the Northwest Territory. They told the French of the delightful climate, where people never died except from old age; of frost being almost unknown even in winter; of the beautiful river abounding in fish of enormous size; of the noble forests, the trees spontaneously producing sugar, and of plants that yielded ready-made candles; of deer, turkey, &c., in great numbers, without wolves, lions and tigers; also said that a couple of swine would multiply themselves a hundred fold in two years, without any care; that there were no taxes to pay, no military duty to perform, &c., &c. They took good care, however, not to tell the Frenchmen a word of the *real beauties* of border life, ferocious Indians, the felling of the forest, &c.

Before the arrival of the French emigrants the Scioto Company became involved in trouble, and Col. Duer, the agent in New York, negotiated with the Ohio Company for the land where is now the town of Gallipolis, on which to locate the French; also contracted with Gen. Rufus Putnam to proceed in advance and erect houses for the French, and supply them with provisions. Gen. Putnam sent forward Major Burnham and some 30 or 40 men for the purpose of breaking ground for the French.—Col. Safford, as before mentioned, fell in with this party in New Jersey.—They arrived at Marietta, and remained there about a week, and then in two boats proceeded down to Point Pleasant, four miles above their destination. Col. Return J. Meigs, Sen., was the surveyor. The upper corner of the ground on the river having been fixed, either at this time or before, Col. Meigs proceeded to find the centre of what is now the Public Square in Gallipolis.—Col. Safford, as he says, in running down from the upper corner, carried the forward end of the chain, and having found the centre, while the others were busy, he caught up an axe, and there *the first tree* cut in the town of Gallipolis, was felled by Col. Robert Safford, the old gentleman now before us, who cried out, 'Hurrah, boys, I've cut down the first tree.' This was a point of pride, and so it remains to this day. It was the eighth day of June, 1790; and the tree was some six inches in diameter, a sugar tree.

Eighty cabins, log with the bark on, were erected on the square, twenty in a row; at each corner was a block house, two stories in height; and above there were built two rows of story and a half cabins, hewed logs, with a high stockade fence, and block-houses at the upper corners, these latter cabins being finished in better style than those below, for the richer class. The 'Council Chamber and Ball Room' was in one of these upper cabins. Gen. Putnam, who did this work and supplied provisions, never received his pay from the Scioto Company, which failed, leaving him the loser by some thousands of dollars.

The French arrived at the town prepared for them in the early part of October, and at one of their first meetings named the town Gallipolis, town of the French. They were but poorly calculated for a new country—as Col. Safford expresses it, 'Many of them were *gentlemen*.' They were priests, lawyers, watchmakers, painters, and artisans and mechanics of various kinds.

After the arrival of the French, it being open war with the Indians, Col. Safford went into the employ of the government as a *spy*, the usual name, ranger would be the more proper term, and remained in that service until peace with the Indians in 1795, something over four years. His pay at first was $8 per month and found; afterwards five shillings a day and two rations, a ration consisting of a pound of bread, a pound of meat, a gill of whisky a day, together with some other articles. In their ranges or beats two spies usually went together.

Gallipolis suffered comparitively little from Indians beyond the loss of cattle, the Indians having a love for Frenchmen; some few, however, were killed or wounded by Indians at or near the town, and one man and woman were made prisoners. Yet there was always fear of Indians, and spies were kept out. Sometimes Col. Safford, as he states, with his brother spy, would go to Marietta, but his usual duty was to range about town a week, and the alternate week to go out in the direction of Chillicothe.

The Scioto Company soon stopped their supplies to the French, and there came near being a famine in their settlement, and hardships arose every day.—They had been defrauded by grasping speculators, who never fulfilled their promises to them, and became disheartened. Some of them went to the older portions of the country and resumed their trades; others became reckless, and led a half-savage life; the most part, however, memorialized Congress on their wrongs and grievances, and through Jervis, their agent, received the *French Grant*, 24,000 acres of land in the upper end of the present Scioto county. Jervis received 1,000 acres, and ninety-two other persons lots of 217½ acres each. Some of them went to the Grant, others remained at their first home, Gallipolis.

At Gallipolis the French, as Col. Safford says, used to spend the Sabbath after *French* style; they would have a meeting or hold mass in the morning, and in the afternoon always had a ball, when high glee and conviviality marked the occasion.

Of the original French stock *three* are yet living, to-wit: Francis Bertrand, at the Grant, now some 90 years of age. We saw him a few weeks since at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Herrell. He never adopted American customs, and never learned to speak English.—At Gallipolis Mrs. Menager, the widow of Claudius Roman Menager, yet lives with her son-in-low, Gen. Newsom.—Also at or near Gallipolis Madame Devacht yet lives; she came to Gallipolis with the first company, a young widow, and subsequently married Mons. Devacht.

We will add a few facts of Col. Safford's personal experience, when a spy, from our recollection of the conversation we had with him, for we took no notes on these points.

Soon after the first settlement there was a great want of salt at Gallipolis. It was known that the Indians had a salt well somewhere in the country back (at or near the present town of Jackson,) but the exact locality was not known. Col. Safford and two others, experienced woodsmen, went out to hunt for this well, but they missed it, going too far to the right. At one time on this salt-hunting trip, they were without food three days. *'Luck,'* as the Col. says, 'did not favor us, and we could kill no game.' Finally, it was Sunday morning we believe, they had *'luck'* enough to kill three squirrels. They camped to cook them. One of the men immediately dropped to sleep, but in times of danger the backwoodsmen always slept with half an eye open. Col. Safford went to skinning the squirrels, with his rifle by his side ready to catch up in case of Indians or of a deer. Pretty soon he heard the bushes crack, and cautiously looking under them he saw the legs of a deer. Then did his mouth fairly water at the thought of venison, after his three days fasting.—He carefully raised his rifle and was drawing a bead at a spot seen through the bushes, which the sleeping man, in a dreamy state, saw, and came to his feet with a quick spring, 'Indians by ——,' he sang out, and away went the deer. They *concluded* to breakfast on nothing but squirrels that morning.

On another occasion when ranging back of Gallipolis, with his mate-spy, they discovered two Indians, and immediately took positions for shooting the Indians; both leveled their rifles and were to fire together. Col. Safford says that by a side glance he saw his companion drop his rifle, then raise it again, and again drop it. At this last time he remarked that he saw seven or eight other Indians, who were hidden from Safford's view by the bushes, so they quietly suffered the Indians to escape, themselves remaining undiscovered by the Indians. This, Col. Safford remarks, was the nearest he ever came to killing an Indian—very near it surely.

At another time he and two others were hunting on Raccoon. One Saturday a party of Indians went into Gallipolis to steal cattle, which they accomplished, and returning, only missed the camp of the hunters a few rods by filing up a ravine. The Indian who was left back on the trail, as was the custom, discovered their whereabouts; and during the night the Indians came about their camp, but, as Col. Safford remarks, he and one of his companions had a gibberish which they could understand between themselves, but which the third one could not understand.—To this idle talk of theirs he attributes the saving of their lives, as he supposes the Indians took them for French, at least not American, and hence left them undisturbed.

Col. Safford told us some stories in relation to the plenty of wild game, the number of wild animals he and another had killed in one winter, &c. We will give his statement that James Burford and Thomas Upton, noted hunters, trapped, during one winter, something over one hundred beavers, on Symmes creek.

We will add that Col. Safford has been a man of a good deal of energy and influence. He has served in the Ohio Legislature, certainly as Senator, and we believe, as Representative. He started in life with nothing but his hands with which to help himself, and a persevering disposition. He did own until recently about 1,100 acres of land near Gallipolis, but has distributed it in a great measure, we believe, among his children. From his appearance, although now in his 87th year, he bids fair to live many years. May peace and happiness be his lot during the closing years of his life.

☞ The Albany Express says that a Railroad train was coming towards Troy, at its highest speed, on passing a curve it suddenly dashed into a flock of pigeons upon the track. All of them save one—a pure and beautiful white—raised from the ground and escaped.—The white one was not fortunate, for rising, and flying low in a line from the locomotive, it was overtaken, and caught on the center of the cowcatcher, where, unable to raise its wings against the rushing air, mute and bewildered, its head stretched forward, it stood transfixed and motionless, as though converted into stone. On went the train in its wingless flight, and fourteen miles were thus traveled by the train.

It was only when the Union Depot at Troy was reached and entered that the pigeon recovered from its bewildering enchantment, slightly ruffled its feathers, then tried its wings, and finally trusted them once more, soared aloft, lighting on a cross piece of the dome. Here it was soon the observed of all observers, the story of its marvelous ride having many hearers. After an hour or so it sailed in the direction of its home, and doubtless will often tell in pigeon-tongue of its flight with the railroad.

☞ How noiselessly the snow comes done. You see it but never hear it.—It is like true charity. Charity makes no noise in the world, but distributes wherever there is poverty. A person who does good out of pure benevolence, never speaks it abroad in the circle in which he moves, or makes it public through a newspaper.

☞ Amongst the curiosities to be transmitted from India to the Great Exhibition in Paris, next year, is a carpet of ivory. It is twenty feet long by six broad, and made of long stripes of ivory, plaited like matting. The price fixed upon is £300.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

At the battle of Eutaw Springs, in the midst of the conflict, as the armies were hurled on each other with a fearful force, two officers of the same rank became engaged in a desperate personal conflict. Their swords flashed with inconceivable rapidity, now one advanced, and now the other; each bending the whole thought of his soul to the single adversary before him, and growing unmindful of the din around him they heeded not the crash of artillery, the rapid clang of arms, the loud shriek of pain, nor the wild cry of dispair. But it soon became manifested that the loyalist officer, though somewhat inferior to the other in weight, was the better swordsman; this the American perceived, and resolving at all hazards to conquer his foe, he beat down his guard, closed in, clasped him in his firm embrace and made him prisoner.

When the captor and his prisoner met after the battle, it was observed that there was a strong personal resemblance between them. They were both youthful, high-minded and chivalrous gentlemen, and a strong unanimity of feeling existed between them, with a respect already implanted by their respective bearing in the combat, a familiar acquaintance sprang up, which gradually grew into friendship, and ended in a sincere and ardent mutual attachment, as chivalrous in its nature as it was romantic in its origin. Some little time after the battle, the American officer returning home on furlough, requested and obtained permission for his captive friend to accompany him.

They traveled like brother knights of old, each pledged to the other's defence, and bound to consider all alike as common friends or common enemies. Their route lay through a district which was the sanguinary field of many bloody collisions, and cursed by prowling detachments of tories, who exercised a robber's privilege of warring on all whom it pleases their fancy to construe into foes, or who tempted their avarice, or excited their vengeance. One day, the two heroes were suddenly overtaken by a shower, and throwing their cloaks over their shoulders, they retreated under the shelter of a group of trees.—Suddenly there appeared on the road a party of tories, who, with drawn swords, and shouting over their anticipated plunder, dashed towards the spot where stood the friends. The high-souled American resolved not to fall into the hands of those whom every instinct of his nature and every impulse of his virtuous mind stamped as men to detest and loathe, and as stinging asps in the bosom of his country; and the heroic Briton, scorned the motives that actuated them, and although to make himself known was but to obtain safety and freedom, also resolved to defend himself to the last, and fall or live the friend of him by whom he had been so generously distinguished. But their cunning and their valor achieved for them a glorious triumph. With waving swords and with signals to the rear, as if urging companions behind them to follow, they spurred horses, and both together dashed upon the approaching enemy.—The fury of their onset, the determined vigor with which they whirled their weapons above their heads, and their shouts for their supposod companions to follow, alarmed their opponents, who offered but a feeble resistance, and then fled rapidly, leaving the field to their victorious enemy, whom they outnumbered by many fold.

With more adventures, that more effectually linked their friendship, they arrived safely at the home of the American officer. Here the Englishman was welcomed, and in the home of his friend he found those who generously admitted into their confidence and friendship one who had become so attached to one of its promising members. In course of his sojourn here, some remarks were dropped which led to inquiries, and the father of the American, to the unmingled joy of all parties, discovered that the two officers were first cousins.—Their striking personal resemblance thus became accounted for, and perhaps their involuntary and mental attraction may be attributed to the same cause.—The joy of the American family in discovering a kindsman so lofty in virtue, and possesed of all generous qualities, and one who brought to their circle high talents and brilliant parts, that daily won upon their hearts, was greatly augmented by the appearance of an attachment springing up between the new found cousin and the sister of the American. This lady was amiable and highly accomplished, charmed by the bearing of the generous stranger, she soon yielded to him more of affection and admiration than was due to a cousin. He also was moved by her beauty and her many amiable traits, and thus they became betrothed, to the undoubted satisfaction of the brother. The Englishman had been as effetually conquered by the beauty of the sister as by the superior strength of the brother. He was a prisoner soul and body, in the conqueror's family. The reader may be assured that what we write is not fiction, though it sounds marvelously like legends of knightly love and conquest in the olden time. The facts of the story are given by Dr. Caldwell, author of a "Life of Gen. Greene," who knew the parties when a boy, and saw them often.

But, alas! our romance becomes a tragedy. The stern front of Mars breaks in upon the scene, and Fate, with his iron hand, rends the happy picture. The youthful foreigner has been exchanged, and a summons comes demanding his presence in his regiment. The duty is a sad one, but his honor compels him to yield, and the lady, worthy of his chivalrous heroism, bids him go, as she would be the last to wither his laurels. Never went forth mailed knight followed by prayers of greater loveliness, or accompanied by blessings of superior beauty. Their parting was a scene of woe and tenderness. The future was a blank, with no landmark that might show them where to hope.—Danger and death hovered on the horizon, and gloomy uncertainty racked the present. The lover was to bear arms against his betrothed's brother, and the two friends were to assume to each other the deadly front of war. But they parted, duty pointed to each his course. Ere the lovers separated, however, they pledged themselves to remain faithful to each other, and, in the event of a happy reunion, to become united in wedlock. With mingled hopes and fears the Briton hastened to his regiment, leaving a sad vacuum in the circle where he had brought so much sorrow. But his noble heart was soon doomed to sink beneath a blow that, at once and forever, prostrated his hopes of happiness, and consigned them to the grave where lay buried his love. But a few weeks after the departure of the officer, the young lady was stricken down by an epidemic, which ravaged alike on the young, the hopeful and the beautiful, as it did on the withered and the defiled, and her hopeful page of life was closed suddenly and forever!

Anxieties of the Sailor's Life.

BY THE REV. MR. ABBOT, OF NANTUCKET.

A man was speaking a few days ago of the emotions with which he was overwhelmed, when he bade adieu to his family on his last voyage. The ship in which he was to sail was at Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard. The packet was at the wharf which was to convey him from Nantucket to the ship. He went down in the morning and saw all his private sea stores stored away in the sloop and then returned to his home to take leave of his wife and children.—His wife was sitting at the fireside, struggling in vain to restrain her tears. She had an infant a few months old in her arms, and with her foot was rocking the cradle in which lay another little daughter about three years of age, with her cheeks flushed with a burning fever. No pen can describe the anguish of such a parting. It is almost like the bitterness of death. The departing father imprints a kiss upon the cheek of his child. Four years will pass away ere he will again take that child in his arms. Leaving his wife sobbing in anguish, he closes the door of his house behind him. Four years must elapse ere he can cross that threshold again. One sea captain upon this island has passed but seven years out of forty-one upon the land.

A lady said to me a few evenings ago, I have been married eleven years, and counting all the days my husband has been at home since our marriage, it amounts to but three hundred and sixty days. He is now absent, having been gone fifteen months, and two years must undoubtedly elapse before his wife can see his face again, and when he shall return, it will be merely a visit to his family for a few months, when he will again bid adieu for another four year's absence.

I asked the lady the other day how many letters she wrote to her husband during his last voyage. 'One hundred,' was the answer. 'And how many did he receive?' 'Six.' The inevitable rule is to write by every ship that leaves this port, or New Bedford, or any other port that may be heard of for the Pacific Ocean. And yet the chances are very small that any two ships will meet on this boundless expanse. It sometimes happens that a ship returns, when those on board have not heard one word from their families during the whole period of their absence. Imagine then the feelings of a husband and father, who returns to the harbor of Nantucket, after the separation of forty-eight months, during which time he has heard no tidings whatever from his home.—He sees the boat pushing off from the wharves which is to bring him the tidings of weal or wo. He stands pale and trembling pacing the deck with emotions which he in vain endeavors to conceal. A friend in the boat greets him with a smile, and says, 'Captain, your family are all well.' Or perhaps he says, 'Captain, I have heavy news for you, your wife died two years and a half ago.'

A young man left this island last summer, leaving in his quiet home a young and beautiful wife, and infant child. The wife and child are now both in the grave. But the husband knows not, and probably will not know of it for some months to come. He perhaps falls asleep every night thinking of the loved ones left at his fire-side, little imagining that they are both cold in death.

On a bright summer afternoon, the telegraph announces that a Cape Horn ship has appeared in the horizon, and immediately the stars and stripes of our national banner are unfurled from our flag staff sending a wave of emotion through the town. Many families are hoping that it is the ship in which their friends are to return, and all are hoping for tidings from the absent.—Soon the name of the ship is announced. And then there is an eager contention with the boys to be the first bearer of the joyful tidings to the wife of the captain. For which service a silver dollar is the established and invariable fee. And who can describe the feelings which must then agitate the bosom of the wife? Perhaps she has heard of no tidings from the ship for more than a year. Trembling with excitement, she dresses herself to meet her husband. 'Is he alive?' she says to herself, 'or am I a widow, and the poor children orphans?' She walks about the room unable to compose herself sufficiently to sit down; eagerly is she looking out of the window and down the street. She sees a man with hurried step turn the corner, and a little boy hold of his hand. Yes, it is he. And her little son has gone down to the boat and found his father. Or, perhaps, instead of this, she sees two of her neighbors returning slowly and sadly, and directing their steps to her door. The blood flows back upon her heart. They rap at the door. It is the knell of her husband's death. And she falls senseless to the floor, as they tell her that her husband has long since been entombed in the fathomless ocean.

This is not fiction. These are not extreme cases which the imagination creates. They are facts of continued occurrence—facts which awaken emotions to which no pen can do justice.

A few weeks ago a ship returned to this island, bringing the news of another ship, that was nearly filled with oil, that all on board were well, and that she might be expected in a neighboring port in such a month. The wife of the captain resided in Nantucket, and early in the month, with a heart throbbing with affection and hope, she went to greet her husband on his return. At length the ship appeared, dropped her anchor in the harbor, and the friends of the lady went to the ship to escort the husband to the wife from whom he had been so long separated. Soon they sadly returned with the tidings that her husband had been seized with the coast fever, upon the island of Madagascar, and when about a week out, on his return home, he died and was committed to his ocean burial. A few days after I called upon the weeping widow and little daughter in their destined home of bereavement and anguish.

Touching Incident.—The following is an extract from a letter written by a sailor in the Baltic fleet to his wife in England. The incident is narrated with that simplicity and purity of expression which conveys every idea and image in the most effective manner:

"Every man on board volunteered, so the captain picked a crew, and I was sent ashore with the marines. There were regular troops on the bank who fired on us as we pulled to land, but the broadsides of the ——, what with the shell and what with the smoke, covered our landing We dispersed at a few hundred yards' distance from the beach to keep the coast clear while the boats' crew made prizes of the guns. The enemy had the advantage of the wood, and also knowing the country well, and a troop of them showed in advance.—We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim, and fired on my man at about 60 yards. He fell like a stone.

"At the same time a broadside from the —— went in among the trees, and the enemy disappeared, we could scarce tell how. I felt as though I must go up to him, to see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of him lying so than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from his mouth every breath he took.—His face was white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright as he turned them and stared at me; I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five and twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast was so full, as though my heart would burst. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy.

"What I felt I never can tell, but if my life would have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said, and every time he tried to speak the blood poured out so, I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I couldn't help it. His eyes were closing when a gun was fired from the—— to order us aboard, and that aroused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat was just pushing off with the guns we had taken, and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat, and then he pointed to the wood where the enemy was concealed. Poor fellow! he little thought how I had shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die and no one near him, when he had something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over, and without a sigh, he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down on the grass and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time, I some how thought of everything I had heard about the Turks and the Russians and the rest of them; but all that seemed so far off and the dead man so near."

Hon. Oscar F. Moore.—It is with feelings of pleasure that we place at our mast-head the name of the Hon. Oscar F. Moore, of Scioto, as candidate for Congress in the Tenth District. For eleven years he has been a citizen of Portsmouth, beloved and cherished as her most honored inhabitant. In the practice of the legal profession he has won for himself an enviable name, and is represented by members of the bar as being without a rival in the District. His mind is clear and logical, and he is proverbial among his colleagues for grasping the strong points of a case as if by intuition. He may not be called an eloquent man, in the usual acceptation of that term, but for clearness of intellect, terseness of logic, subtlety of thought and concisensss of expression, he has few superiors. He possesses that *earnestness* of mind, which, to thinking men, is the highest eloquence. All his life long he has been a most efficient and energetic Whig. His personal popularity is almost without limit. Agreeable both in person and manners, affable and genial to all and generous to a fault, he has encircled himself with hosts of friends that are neither limited to sect or party. When a candidate for the House he outrun his party nearly four hundred votes; and when a candidate for the Senate, in a Democratic District, notwithstanding a strong local question was against him, he was triumphantly elected. His course in both branches of the Legislature was marked by distinguished ability. His speech on the Bank Taxation question was admitted by all parties to have been by far the ablest speech of the session.—Mr. Moore is about 34 years of age, of fine personal appearance. We cannot but feel that he combines the elements of success, in the contest, superior to any man that could have been placed in the field.—*Scioto Gazette.*

Home.—"A pleasant journey to you; remember me to those at home!"

So spoke a young man in our hearing to a friend who was about to visit his native town. As he turned away, we could perceive the workings of the rememberance of home, and the enjoyment of early life, rising up in his memory, and in rapid and brilliant panorama, pressing before his recollection. *'Home!'* Were his parents there, with whose images were entwined the earliest, fondest memories? Did they not rise up before him with their silver locks waving in the wind as he saw them watching his last departure?—That sister—the earliest playmate of his childhood and the dearest and nearest friend of his boyhood—was not her bright but tearful face before him like a rose washed in dew? *'Home!'* How swift the mind flew from the dusty, noisy, busy streets, back to the shadowing tress of the old homestead—to the clear brook bubbling through the green meadows—to the lowing of the distant cows in the sunny morning as they moved lazily along to their pastures on the hill-side—to the twittering of the martins in the box which he had made himself for them by his chamber window—to all those images of a country home which he had relinquished in all its health and invigoration, for the contract of the fevery city, the life struggle which can only be terminated by the grave. *'Remember me to those at home!'* Did he think then of that blushing face, and that sweet voice, pouring forth that gush of rich music, in the little gallery of the humble church? or of those moonlight walks, by the silver streamlet when young love first beat in his breast? was she included in this memory of blessedness?

Young man! cherish these memories, if you would escape the contaminations around you. Let the feeling—'remember me to those at *home!*' come into your heart, when tempted to join the drunken orgies of the midnight revel. Let your conduct be so blameless and so useful that you can never feel your cheek tingle with shame that would prevent you from saying, 'remember me to those at home!'—*Hartford Cour.*

Something to be Remembered.—We should make it a private principle to extend the hand of friendship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent—without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claim, as the reluctant, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, which the well off are apt to manifest to those a little lower down, with whom, in the comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they sink into insignificance.

☞ A man praising portor, said it was so excellent a beverage that, taken in great quantities, it made fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean." "When?" asked the eulogist. "Last night—against the wall."